

# THE LITERARY CASKET:

## DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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### THE LITERARY CASKET.

*Devoted to Literature, the Arts and Sciences.*

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### THE REFLECTOR.

The death of a friend or a relative, is at all times a melancholy thing. It is the *last farewell* of one we have loved, and walked with, and spoken to as one of ourselves. We have seen him in life, in health, in the sunshine of youth—animated and animating. We now see him cut off as a flower in the spring of hope, the wreck of many promises.

We mourn for the death of the aged, for they have lived long with us—their connexions are large—their sphere of action embraces an extended circle of friends, a large history of events. But our grief is limited—for it is their *time* to die. It is an expected, though mournful event. Old age is the winter of life, and we look for it, to blight and wither the heart of many a parent—many an aged friend.

But the death of the young fills us with grief less limited, a grief that has more of passion, & may say more of poetry in it; for the imagination helps to feed it. We mourn the aged for what they *have* done—we mourn the young for what they *might* yet do. The aged, like a weary traveller, have performed their journey of life, and have laid down to repose—"Their summer is over—their harvest is past." The young springs forth, like new trees, pregnant with future blessings. They are destined to fill the places of their fathers, who have gone before them.

Man alone is capable of stretching his ideas beyond this sublunary world, and of experiencing in any degree the consolations of piety. He alone can form an idea of an Almighty Benificent Being, who delights in conferring happiness on all his creatures. It is man alone, who in contemplating the divine perfections, feels it possible to withhold that spontaneous homage and grateful adoration which constitute the essence of true piety. From this source he derives a consolation in all afflictions, and a solace in every distress. When mankind, through ignorance or error, forsake or condemn him; when all before him is darkness, and a gloomy foreboding of future distress impresses his mind with a melancholy tending to despair, he then flies to this Supreme Being for relief. He pours forth his soul at the throne of mercy, and in conscious rectitude of mind, he exults in the internal perception, that though all created beings should unjustly blame him, yet to the unerring Judge of all the universe, to whose all-seeing eye the inmost thoughts of his heart have been opened at all times, their testimony availeth nothing. His weakness he feels: and the accidental de-

viations from purity which the frailties of mortality have induced, he sincerely deploras. The man is thus opened to an unfailing source of consolation, of which no human power can deprive him. In the depth of his several afflictions, he can look up to his God and protector with comfort. From the darkness of the closest dungeon his voice will be heard; and while surrounded with every possible distress, he can look forward with tranquility to that awful event which shall put a final period to his earthly sufferings, and administer to him an entrance into the mansions of the blessed.

### DRESS AT CHURCH.

Many visitors of church, I will not say worshippers, make it an occasion of display of new dresses, to the great interruption of children, and of light minded adults. Now a church is the last place where a new bonnet, shawl, or coat should be first displayed. Both the wearer and gazer will have their attention withdrawn from the pulpit, and from God. The dress may be neat and clean, but simplicity of attire, in man or woman, is more commendable at church than fantastic ornament or rich clothing.

### RELIGIOUS COURTSHIPS.

In forming the most interesting and important earthly relation christians do not always, perhaps generally, establish them with reference to the religious characters of each other. "Be ye not unequally yoked together," says the apostle. Should not a religious man regard as of essential value the spiritual state of one, whose heart he would attach to himself in the relation of a wife? Considerations of this kind might save the unhappiness frequently arising from wide differences between husbands and wives on religious subjects; or what is worse, one of the party's deadening the religious affections of the other by an unholy life.

### APHORISMS.

1. Prosperity teaches folly, adversity wisdom.
2. Happiness makes a man vain, sorrow humble.
3. Many anticipations, little decision
4. An hour of sorrow teaches more wisdom than a year of joy.
5. It is the weakness of the heart, to suppose we know every man but ourself, and the imbecility of the mind to think *vice versa*.
6. Humbleness in prosperity, and resignation in adversity, bespeak a noble and exalted mind.
7. A temper soon roused, and soon pacified, shows more goodness of heart than energy of mind.
8. Love in weak and debased minds is earthly, strong and exalted, heavenly.
9. The folly of love letters, is the narration of air-built castles of the brain, the genuine expressions of the heart, their wisdom.
10. It is easy to be upright in prosperity, it is the day of adversity that proves the heart.
11. It is a brave mind that exults not over a fallen foe, it is a weak, that tramples on him.
12. She who is fond of display abroad, will make a poor figure at home.

13. An inquisitive mind, a meddling disposition, and an unfeeling heart, neither have, nor deserve the friendship of man.

14. A selfish man lives for himself alone, he should dwell in a desert.

15. Think him your friend who tells you your faults, but shows your virtues rather by his conduct, than his tongue.

16. He who knows how ignorant he is, is wise.

17. An indolent mind sees insuperable difficulties in every enterprise; an industrious, knows not difficulties till he has battled with them.

18. He who thinks more of the manner than of the matter of a speaker, will never profit by his words.

19. He who is always pointing out the faults of his neighbour, will never amend his own.

20. He who will enjoy pleasure at the expense of pain in others, is a monster.

21. He who avoids the gaze of an honest man, is a knave.

22. An open mouth, a weak mind; an open purse, a good heart.

23. He who indiscriminately distributes charity, is more generous than discerning.

25. He who says there is no God, is only kept in awe by fear of the halter: and he who believes not in religion, nor in the immortality of the soul, levels himself with the brutes, and by man should be treated as he judges himself.

25. When a man sees the necessity of methodizing his thoughts, the road to wisdom is before his eyes.

26. In sunshine there is sometimes rain; so many a smiling face covers a breaking heart.

27. A valuable mineral has often a rough outside; so in man, a rough exterior often covers a noble heart.

28. Who judges men by their coats is often deceived.

29. It is easy to prove a man dishonest, it requires an age to prove him virtuous.

40. As the force of circumstance may cause a knave to do an honest action, so also may it induce a virtuous man to do a dishonest; yet this neither makes the knave honest, nor the virtuous dishonest.

31. The assuming mind is not always strong, nor the unassuming weak, but generally *vice versa*.

32. Ostentation is not always merit, nor humility demerit.

33. Love has doubts and fears as well as jealousies; but the heart conscious of its own integrity and constancy is never suspicious.

34. The falling leaf teaches us we are mortal; the wind sighing through the sore trees, tells us our time is coming.

35. Who thinks not of what is past, nor looks to the future, enjoys not the present.—Want of thought is want of mind—without mind there is no real enjoyment.

36. All things that have a limit, must end: all who ever met must part. These truths should teach us the value of time.

37. Conceit and vanity, ostentation and boasting, are follies.

38. He who bears and forbears, will always be a valuable member of society, whatever may be his situation in life.

### GENEROSITY.

What seems to be generosity, is often no more than disguised ambition; which overlooks little interests, in order to gratify great ones.

## SCIENTIFIC.

## UNIVERSAL CEMENT.

A Cement made in the following manner, will unite, it is said, either glass or porcelain, and either marble or metals :

"To an ounce of mastic add as much highly rectified spirits of wine as will dissolve it. Soak an ounce of isinglass in water until quite soft, then dissolve it in pure rum or brandy, until it forms a strong glue, to which add about a quarter of an ounce of gum ammoniac, well rubbed and mixed. Put the two mixtures together in an earthen vessel over a gentle heat ; when well united, the mixture may be put into a phial and kept well stopped.

"When wanted for use, the bottle must be set in warm water, when the china or glass articles must be also warmed, and the cement applied. It will be proper that the broken surfaces, when carefully fitted, shall be kept in close contact for twelve hours at least, until the cement is fully set ; after which, the fracture will be found as secure as any part of the vessel, and scarcely perceptible."

## TO SCOUR WOOL.

In the English manufactories, scouring is generally performed with an ammoniacal ley, consisting of five measures of river water and one of stale urine ; the wool is immersed for about twenty minutes in a bath of this mixture, heated to fifty-six degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer ; it is then taken out, suffered to drain, and afterwards rinsed in running water. This process softens the wool and gives it the first degree of whiteness ; the process is repeated a second and even a third time, after which the wool is fit for manufacturing.

*Hydro sulphurous Acid Gas* may be employed to great advantage in bleaching woolen goods. The most economical mode of preparing it is to decompose sulphuric acid by the mixture of any combustible substance that will take from it one portion of its oxygen. In the bleachery, where a rigid economy is necessary, the following method will answer.—Take saw dust and introduce it into a cast iron distillatory apparatus ; pour over it sulphuric acid, applying at the same time heat, a large quantity of gas will be disengaged which should pass through a tube into water.

The pieces must be rolled upon reels and drawn through the liquor by turning them until the colour becomes sufficiently bright ; they are then taken out, and left to drain. The next process is to wash them in river water. Spanish white may be employed to decompose the sulphuric acid, should there be any remaining in the stuffs. This operation must be performed by passing the pieces through a tub of clear water in which about eight pounds of Spanish white has been dissolved. To obtain a fine white, the stuffs in general, must be twice sulphured. Blueing is performed by throwing into the Spanish white liquor, a solution of one part of good Prussian blue to 400 parts of water ; shaking the cloth in the liquid and reeling it rapidly. Lastly, a slight washing with soap may be employed, to give softness and pliability to the goods.

*To extract grease spots from Silks and colored Muslins.*

Scrape French chalk, or fine clay, put it on the grease spot, and hold it near the fire, or put a warm iron upon it. The grease will melt and the clay absorb it, in consequence of the great affinity of clay for oleag-

enous substances. After the grease is absorbed, brush off the clay ; the color will not be in the least affected by the process.

## To clean black Veils.

In order to restore their original appearance, pass them through a warm liquor of bullocks gall and water ; then take a small piece of glue, pour boiling water upon it and pass the veil through it, clap and frame it to dry.

NOTE.—Ox gall may be preserved for any length of time by straining it fresh, heating it for a few minutes and when cold, enclosing it in a phial. It is superior to soap or any cleansing substance for fine stuffs.

## HISTORY.

## SIX MONTHS IN THE WEST INDIES.

We proceed to make a number of extracts from the author's account of Barbadoes, the most ancient colony in the British empire. The author paid two or three visits to this island, and we quote from different chapters, very widely apart in the book, bringing all together for the sake of convenience.

## BARBADOES.

How a man's heart swells within him, when, after sea and sky and sky and sea for nearly a month, he first sees the kindly land beckon to him over the salt waves ! And that land tropical ! Carlisle Bay sleeping like an infant, and countenanced like the sky on a June morning, the warrior pendants, the merchant signals, the graceful gleaming boats, the dark sailors, the circling town, the silver strand, and the long shrouding avenues of immortal palms greenly fringing the blue ocean ! It is a beautiful scene in itself, but thrice beautiful is it to the weary mariner who deeply feels that land was made for him.

I was present when the first Protestant bishop arrived in the bay, and the landing was a spectacle which I shall not easily forget. The ships of war were dressed and their yards manned, and salutes fired ; this was pretty and common ; but such a sight as the Carenage presented very few have ever witnessed. On the quay, on the mole, on boats, on posts, on house tops, through doors and windows, wherever a human foot could stand, was one appalling mass of black faces. As the barge passed slowly along, the emotions of the multitude were absolutely tremendous ; they threw up their arms and waved their handkerchiefs, they danced, and jumped, and rolled the ground, they sung and screamed and shouted and roared, till the whole surface of the place seemed to be one huge grin of delight. Then they broke out into a thousand wild acclamations of joy and passionate congratulations, uttered with such vehemence, that, new as it was then to me, it made me tremble ; till I was somewhat restored by a chorus of negro girls—*"De Bissop come ! De Bissop come ! He is coming to marry us, coming to marry us, coming to marry us all."*

Barbadoes is the most ancient colony in the British Empire. It has never changed hands, and been invaded once only by the forces of the Long Parliament. It was the asylum for the royalists, as Jamaica afterwards became for the republicans. Many of the present families are

lineally descended from the original planters, and the estates bear names which may be found in Nigon and the early memorialists of the island. It is generally level, except in the north-eastern quarter, called Scotland, where the highest land is about 1,100 feet from the sea. The soil for the most part is a thin superficies, upon a mass of coralline rag, which protrudes through it, wherever there is an angle or a fissure, and so very precious is the mould, that means are usually taken at the bottom of shelving fields to prevent its being carried away by the torrents in the rainy season. Barbadoes is without that central accumulation of hills which is almost universal in the other Antilles, and I should therefore doubt its being of volcanic formation.—It is considered to be exhausted, and manure is as necessary as in England. Under these circumstances it is astonishing to see the amount of the production. The island is something less than the Isle of Wight ; it exports at an average upwards of 314,000 wt. of sugar annually, besides poultry to the Leeward colonies ; it contains about 110,000 souls, who find their means of subsistence upon that of the residue of the soil which is not occupied by woods, and they import only flour and salt fish from North America in no very considerable quantities. Yet it is notorious that the negroes live here much better than in any other colony, and that they increase in numbers every year.

Bridge Town lies round the bay, is nearly two miles in length, scarcely half a mile in breadth, and contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants.—There are some handsome houses in it, and many which are very convenient within, but the want of our shop windows, and the extreme irregularity of the buildings, take away all appearance of splendour. There is a square or open place with a good statue of Nelson, a great favourite in the West Indies, in the centre, and one or two large chemists' shops on the sides, which are always the most respectable in look of any in West Indian towns. The Cathedral is large and plain, with a tower just raised above the roof ; for the Barbadians have the fear of hurricanes so constantly before their eyes, that they seem to have thought a tower twenty feet high of provoking Providence. There are two literary societies in the town, which consist of all the leading persons in the colony, have good libraries, and give four times per annum very excellent dinners. There is also an agricultural society, and one or two commercial rooms. Beyond the cathedral is the King's house, which belongs to the commander of the forces on the station, and half a mile farther on in the country, the Government House. At the southern extremity of the town is the garrison of St. Ann's, the barracks of which are large and spacious buildings with covered galleries running round them, and the parade is one of the finest I ever saw.

His Majesty's council, the general assembly, the judges, the jurors, the debtors and the felons, all live together in the same house. It is a large one, with an open space around it, and inclosed by a wall. With whom the mere right to the tenement is, I could not learn ; whether the legislature lends it to the judicature, or whether both are only tenants at will to the



worshipful company of debtors and rogues, is a point not clearly ascertained. I am inclined however to think that the latter gentlemen have the title deeds, from observing that they invariably do the honors of the house to all the rest. Their civility is unbounded; they help you out of your carriage and hold your horse and your stirrup, they line the staircase on either side in token of respect to you, show you through their apartments, and are forward to give you every piece of information which the most expert cicerone can furnish. Their loyalty is without suspicion; in sign whereof, they turn out their best bedroom to make way for a session of the council, and their civic patriotism is as clear, from the interest they display in the public debates—the men, the women and the children crowding inquisitively round the open door of the council, and lounging in the gallery, or leaning familiarly over the rails in the hall of the assembly. These are their virtues; a few failings they have, such as not returning any thing left in their house, an appetency after the contents of a stranger's coat pocket, and a somewhat too profuse employment of the imprecatory part of the Barbadian dialect. But seriously it is scarcely consistent with the dignity of the most ancient, most loyal, and most windward colony in the West Indies to join their House of Lords, St. Stephen's, Westminster Hall, Newgate and Marshalsea all in one; recte dividere is a great matter in building houses as in arguing cases, and it might be well to consider how far familiarity, even with personages of such high character, may not breed something like contempt. If I sit down to dinner with a professed scoundrel, he absorbs a portion of my good character, and I receive a like portion of his bad one, till an equilibrium having taken place, we both rise in the opinion of by-standers, a couple of scoundrels together.

There are three other towns in the island.—Hole town is a collection of five or six houses on the sea shore about seven miles from the capital, and is remarkable only for having been the first settlement of the English, who landed in the neighborhood, and called their hamlet James town, in honor of the first Stuart. Speight's town or Spikes, as it is commonly pronounced, is a pretty large place, seven miles farther on the coast; it has a roadstead and wharf, and formerly exported a great deal of sugar directly to England, but the usual practice now is to send it by droghers or small cutters to Carlisle bay. There is a daily communication by water between Speights and Bridge Town; it is a very beautiful excursion, and the wind rarely fails either way. The population of the place is coloured in a very large proportion and you may walk some time in the street before you will meet a white or black man or woman.—The church is very neat, but the pulpit is a fathom too high, a common fault in the West Indies, *where they fancy the higher the preacher, the more sublime will the sermon be.* To be sure, by this arrangement every class of persons must of necessity understand the clergyman, which is something at all events. The view from Dover Hill a fortress and signal station, half a mile from town, is very interesting. The houses are nearly lost in the foliage of gardens, and the almost painted

sea shines in still sky-blue, between the slender stems of the thousands of cocoa nut trees which form a green fence upon the shore. One great inconvenience in travelling along the leeward side of the island is the sand, which especially in Speights is so deep, that a heavy carriage is sure to stick fast in it. What with the whiteness of this sand, and the shelving tables of land, to the east, which keep off every breath of wind, it is one of the most oppressive rides in Barbadoes. I thought it would have given me the ophthalmia. As you pass along, you see the remnants of old forts at very short intervals, with a great number of guns, most of them honey-combed, dismantled, or even half buried in the earth. The other town is called Oistin's or Austin's, not from St. Augustin, but from a certain lewd fellow of the name, who lived here and loved rum and a main of cocks dearly. It is a few miles to windward of Bridge Town, and of that magnitude that my Lord Seaforth, upon his first visiting it, turned round to his aides-de-camp, and said—"Gentlemen, keep close! or I shall be out of town before you are in it."

### THE REPOSITORY.

DANIEL M'MILLAN.

About the beginning of autumn, in the year after the memorable defeat at Pentland, as Nathan Cowan the ferryman at Cunningham, sat at the door of his hut repairing a net, he was thrown into a state of considerable alarm by the appearance of a regiment of dragoons. One of them, at the command of his officer, left the ranks, and inquired the way and the distance to Lag Tower. "It's about three miles," answered Nathan, "and the road gangs straight by the neuk o' that hill." At a time when the whole island was under martial law, and troops of military were scouring the country in all directions, this might have created little surprise, even to the inhabitant of a remote and lonely cabin; but Nathan had never before seen so many horsemen together and from past experience, he conjectured that it boded no cessation of suffering to his persecuted countrymen.

A quarter of an hour's ride brought the dragoons to the summit of the rising ground which bounds the vale of Nith, and they began to descend one of the declivities which forms the narrow valley called the "Glen of the Lag." "A barren country," said Colonel Strachan, the commanding-officer, casting his eyes on each side of the bleak hills, tenanted only by a few sheep, to Lieutenant Livingston, as they traced the narrow windings of the glen. "A wild country," replied Livingston, "and but thinly peopled I should suppose. Sir Robert is likely to give us little to do in the neighbourhood of his own house at least." "A man of Sir Robert Grierson's activity and zeal," said Colonel Strachan, "will neither remain long idle himself, nor suffer those under his directions to go without employment." As they approached the house, or, as it was more commonly called, the Tower, the valley widened, and the land had a more cultivated aspect; while several waving fields of corn proved, that amid all the troubles and confusion of the times, husbandry had not been entirely neglected. The Tower itself was a square building of great strength, but without architectural beauty, situated on a small mound near the middle of the glen. It had been surrounded by a moat; but, as it was now dry, there was access to it on all sides. The principal entrance, however, was by a bridge, which had once been defended by two small towers.

Sir Robert Grierson of Lag had despatched the soldiers as they came up the glen, and, on their nearer approach, recognised their leader: he therefore came out to meet them, just as the foremost had reached the bridge, and the officers had given orders to halt. He was a stout man, somewhat above the middle size, and about sixty years of age. His countenance was rather handsome than otherwise, but had that particular expression, which, though not absolutely forbidding, would have prevented you from chusing its possessor either as a

companion or friend. It was not devoid of meaning: his brows always knit, and his lips compressed, bespoke a mind firm to execute whatever purpose it undertook; but they also showed that he was a stranger to all the tender sensibilities of human nature. His eye never gleamed with the workings of anger, or the fullness of joy. If he never stormed or raged with wrathful fury, his features as seldom relaxed into a smile, or beamed with delight. In the bloody work of persecution, in which he was so actively and extensively engaged, his countenance never exhibited a mind melted to pity at the agonies of suffering, or visited by fear in situations of danger. Reproaches he commonly answered by a hollow, diabolical laugh, and curses he heard with the most supreme indifference. In choosing his part in the tragical drama, he had been incited, partly by a bigotted attachment to prelatial faith, partly by inordinate cupidity. The party which he favoured were in power, and were exerting themselves to establish the religion which he professed; and when he found that, by seconding their exertions, he could serve the interests of both, and best preserve his wealth and property from exaction and dilapidation, he embraced the cause with a willingness, and supported it with a constancy that nothing could shake. It has also been alleged that his zeal was from time to time kept alive by valuable presents, and by being allowed to appropriate pretty large sums from those fines which were exacted from the non-conformists. The eagerness with which he pursued sensual gratification, in private life, proves that this mind was the seat of other passions equally fierce with those arising from bigotry and avarice.

"You are welcome to Lag Tower," said he, as he shook Colonel Strachan by the hand. The colonel thanked him with the frankness of a soldier, and instantly explained the cause of his present intrusion of so numerous a retinue. "Our worthy Councillors and Commissioners," said he, "instigated by that most reverend and tender-hearted father in God, the Archbishop, are incensed that these obstinate wretches should reject the lenity of the Act of Indulgence, and have dispatched me with these fellows to assist you, and all the friends of the good cause, to teach them obedience, by a little wholesome coercion, or convey them to Edinburgh, to be placed before their Lordships' most impartial tribunal. But," continued he, delivering a small packet to Sir Robert, "on all these matters you will, I presume, find ample instructions in these papers. In the mean time, you can probably direct these men to good quarters." All the accommodation to be spared in the Tower had already been occupied by a party of Dundee's troopers, and, at any rate, would have been quite inadequate; but Sir Robert ordered his own servants, and those of the troopers who knew the country to conduct the men to such places as he knew could accommodate them. He then led the way to Colonel Strachan and the other superior officers into his own house, and having ordered them to be served with refreshments, begged leave to be permitted to retire, in order to peruse his despatches.

Among these was a letter from no less a personage than the Primate himself, which that hypocritical apostate had written with all the fervency and zeal of a man who knew that his all depended on upholding the system of proceedings which he had been so instrumental in bringing about and fomenting. He began by lamenting, that, notwithstanding all the measures, both lenient and coercive, which had hitherto been employed, Episcopacy, the only true religion, might be considered as being still far from established; that the people displayed an obstinacy in resisting the truth, which nothing but the most violent remedies could cure; and these were rendered tenfold more necessary, on account of the resistance which has lately been made to the civil and military power. "The southern and western shires," he said, "had by their whole, and especially, by their late conduct, shewn themselves to be particularly contumacious; it was therefore necessary to proceed against them with the utmost rigour. No partialities or motives of private interest ought to divert the friends of prelate and loyalty from the speedy suppression of obdurate resistance and rebellion. The Presbyterians, by their rejection of the Indulgence had plainly proved that they were alike incapable of appreciating the clemency of their rulers, or of consulting their own spiritual and temporal interests; their convictions must therefore be awakened, and their contumacy subdued, by increasing severity. Sir Robert

Grierson," he continued, "had hitherto exerted himself with the most commendable zeal, and would continue to do so with unswerving constancy. His Majesty's Council for Scotland," added he in conclusion, "entertain a grateful sense of your exertions and assiduity, and, most assuredly, will not suffer them to go unrewarded."

From the tenor of this epistle, Sir Robert saw that the conduct expected from him was to proceed with redoubled vigour in the cause which he had already chosen. This squared so exactly with his own views and inclinations, that his resolutions were instantly formed; he therefore returned to his guests to do them the honours of his house.

Next morning the troops were dispersed throughout the country, wherever it was thought they could be most effective. A considerable number of them, with their colonel, remained in Nithsdale, to assist Sir Robert in subordinating the inhabitants of that district. With a party of these, he proceeded first to the house of Daniel McMillan, one of the most respectable of his own tenants. This man, though he had been engaged in none of the late tumultuary proceedings, was nevertheless exceedingly obnoxious to the Prelatists, on account of his firm attachment to the religion of his fathers. He had been severely fined, but that had only served to confirm him the more in his Presbyterian principles. During the early part of his life, he had been for many years a servant at the Tower, under Sir Robert's father, and in some measure, a companion of the boyhood, and an attendant on the juvenile sports of Sir Robert himself. He therefore often used a freedom of speech toward his landlord which none of his other tenants or dependents dared to venture. He had never presumed to reproach him with his conduct towards his innocent countrymen, but when, about the time that the fine was exacted, Sir Robert had warned him of the consequences, perhaps fatal, which, what he called, his obstinacy might draw on his head, Daniel boldly replied, that he would never subscribe to a system of religious faith which needed the cruel arguments of arbitrary power and penal laws to enforce its observance. He might, he said, like many others, be hunted like a partridge on the mountains, and be compelled to hide his body in the dens and caverns of the earth; but his conscience was the peculiar property of his Heavenly master, and could not be subjected to the dictates of human authority.

Little as Sir Robert was accustomed to listen to the dictates of affection, or to be overawed by firmness, he found himself incapable of proceeding at once to extremities against a man whom he had always regarded with feelings of more than ordinary respect. These liberties were therefore at this time passed over unnoticed and unresented; but now, when superior authority seemed to encourage his cruelties, they returned to his recollection with a bitterness which determined him to proceed to the full extent of his commission. The regard which he was, as it were, compelled to entertain towards McMillan, he had also considered as a weakness, which he was anxious to overcome; it was therefore with something like emotions of joy that, having disengaged himself from its thralldom, he entered the cottage whose inmates had been thrown into a state of no small consternation, on beholding the approach of so many armed men. Only three of the family were present—McMillan and his wife, who were standing in expectation of the entrance of the visitors, and James, their eldest son, an invalid, who lay stretched on a settle beside the fire. "Good morning, Daniel," said Sir Robert, speaking hastily, and without any other preface introducing the object of his visit. "Do you still continue obstinate in refusing to acknowledge the King's supremacy, and to renounce the Covenant? Do you approve of the Act of Indulgence?" Daniel waited a few moments in an attitude of attention, as if expecting to hear something more; but at last inquired what were to be the consequences, and whither he was to go, in case he continued firm in his profession: "To prison," said Sir Robert. "Then, soldiers, do your duty," cried McMillan, giving the orders for his own arrest. At the mention of the word prison, the anguish endured by McMillan's wife deprived her even of the power of shedding tears. She had surveyed the whole scene with the painful interest of one who waits to hear something more awful than she dares almost to believe possible. At the approach of the soldiers to seize her husband, she fell on her knees to Sir Robert; but all power of entreaty was denied

her, and with an agony, which arrested the attention and softened the hearts of the brutal soldiers themselves, she could only exclaim, "Oh, Sir!" and sunk senseless on the floor. The arrest of his father, and the distress of his mother, brought a hectic glow over the pallid countenance of James McMillan, and exerting an energy, of which disease had deprived him for many a day, he raised her from the ground and placed her on the settle. "Behold some of the consequences of your stubbornness," said Sir Robert to McMillan, pointing to his almost lifeless wife and emaciated son. "I was prepared for the worst," replied he in a voice in which sorrow and anger seemed to strive for the mastery. In a moment however, he regained his firmness, and, as soon as his wife began to recover, signified that he was ready to accompany them. "But where is William?" inquired Sir Robert after they were mounted; "my orders are to spare neither old nor young; and although I will take upon me to suffer James to remain unmolested for the present, yet William must share the fate of his father, if he inherits any of his obstinacy." "Wherever he is," replied McMillan, "I hope he will be enabled to keep out of the reach of the enemy, or, if he too does become a prey, that he will receive grace to endure tribulation like a Christian."

When they arrived at the Tower, McMillan was conducted to a small dark apartment, which was to serve as a temporary place of confinement till he could be carried to Edinburgh. When left alone, the first act which he performed was to throw himself on his knees, and commend himself to his Heavenly Father. It was with something like a look of triumph that he surveyed the grated windows and uncomfortable appearance of his new abode, after he arose from these pious exercises. He felt that he had now to act another and a different part from that which he had hitherto performed, and that all his fortitude would be necessary, to enable him to conduct himself with becoming constancy. From the beginning, he had been no unconcerned spectator of the sufferings of his countrymen; and although, through the forbearance of his master, he had been less hardly dealt with than many others, yet he knew too well the character of that master, and the disposition of the Government, not to foresee that he might one day be called upon to suffer in the cause of truth. He had therefore all along considered proceedings like the present as extremely likely to take place; and, on this account, he displayed more firmness than in other circumstances he might have been able to command. What might now be his fate he was unable to conjecture; but the experience of others taught him to forbode the worst. Imaginary and real suffering, he began to feel, were totally different: still the goodness of the cause, a strong sense of duty, and perhaps other motives more nearly allied to human frailty, gilded his present woes and his future prospects with the vivid colouring of enthusiasm. In the train of reflections which followed, he could not help comparing the simple form and efficacious spirit of that religion for which the present miseries were endured, with the vain pomp and haughty intolerance of that of his persecutors; and if he ascribed the spirit of persecution to the use, instead of the abuse of that particular form, he could scarcely be blamed. The stated Council and their creatures were Prelatists; Sir Robert Grierson was a bigot to the same faith; and feeling the influence of religious belief on his own conduct, and knowing its effects on the manners of others, it was not surprising that a plain man, unaccustomed to philosophical reasoning, should consider that as the cause, which, in almost every case, was perhaps nothing more than a pretence to cover other purposes.

Enthusiasm, however, like every other effort of the imagination, is like the "morning cloud and the early dew;" and, in following the supposed cause of its effects, McMillan could not prevent the transition of his thoughts to the painful realities of his present condition. He was a sincere Christian and a staunch Presbyterian; but he was also the child of human nature, and alive to all the pains and privations of suffering. Gloomy thoughts began to intrude themselves; and, when oppressed with hunger, cold, and total darkness, he could not resist their melancholy influences. A less noble, at least more painful train of thought took possession of his mind, and the full tide of his woes began to flow fast upon him. His wife in misery, and his eldest son emaciated with disease and sorrow, presented themselves before the eyes of his mind. A cloud of uncertainty also hung over the fate of his second son, the

principal hope and stay of his declining years. This young man had gone that very morning to a considerable distance in order to accompany one of the ejected clergymen to a house in the neighbourhood, where a private meeting was to be held in the evening. This was an errand attended with considerable risk, as they were exposed to the danger of falling in with companies of military in every direction. But how or when could he, notwithstanding all his anxiety and uncertainty, alleviate the sufferings of the one, or satisfy the yearnings of his soul concerning the other? He himself was a prisoner, and in the power of men who would neither pity nor assist him. In a day or two, he might be dispatched to Edinburgh, and in a few days more consigned to the hands of the executioner. He mechanically turned towards the window; but all his attempts were vain, and he resigned himself to despair. His imagination brooded over the horrors of captivity with a pertinacity which checked every attempt to turn his thoughts into a more hopeful channel; and the bitterness of anguish had driven him almost into a state of distraction, when his attention was arrested by a slight noise at the door of his apartment. Presently he imagined that it opened, and that he heard some person groping round the room. The noise he made, as he instinctively retreated when the unknown individual approached, directed the stranger, who soon succeeded in laying hold of, and pulling him gently, as if intimating that he was to follow. In the present mood of his mind, he was little inclined to resist any such intimation, whatever might be its issue; and obeying the directions of his guide, he soon found himself in the open air. Whether it was any of Sir Robert's servants, or some friend, who had found means to release him from his captivity, he could not ascertain, as his deliverer retreated as soon as he was without the walls of the Tower. Again at liberty, his spirits began to revive, and having fairly cleared the premises of the Tower, he directed his steps towards his own home. As he could visit Bardeanoch, where the private conventicle was to be held, with but little deviation from the direct road, he determined to go up by that place, and endeavour to learn what had become of his son William, and his friends. Here his appearance caused no small surprise and joy to a considerable number who had assembled, grieved at the tidings of his unfortunate captivity. When he entered, they were deliberating whether or not to attend a field-meeting which was to be held next day, not far from Drumlanrig. The increase of military force, which had lately arrived, rendered such a meeting exceedingly dangerous; but when it was considered that their absence could not now prevent it, and might be construed into diffidence in the goodness of their cause, or criminal lukewarmness, they resolved to give their attendance. By representing to McMillan, that, as soon as his escape was known, the pursuit would be directed to his own house, and that he might thus bring destruction on his wife and son, as well as on himself, and by dispatching a messenger to inform them of his liberty and safety, he was persuaded to accompany them, without returning home; and they accordingly set out long before day-break.

The morning was already advanced when they reached the heights which nearly surrounded the ducal residence of Drumlanrig. From there is a beautiful prospect of the fertile and picturesque country, watered by the Nith, which can be traced in all its windings for many miles, till it seems to lose itself among the distant bolms. The country possesses that richness of appearance which cultivation alone can bestow, and is variegated and adorned, in almost every direction, by large plantations. The view is bounded on the north by the Lowther-hills, which are green to their summits; and on the east, by the bleaker range above which Queensberry rises in lofty preeminence. Toward the south there is a distant view of the Solway Frith, and the horizon is bounded by the wild and irregular forms of the mountains of Cumberland. The beauty of such a prospect, heightened, as in the present instance, by the appearance of the castle, with its towers, as it were gilded with gold by the beams of the rising sun, and the surrounding woods glittering in all the freshness of the morning, was calculated to raise the feelings to the highest pitch of enthusiastic admiration; and many of the company could not refrain from singing that most pious and poetical description of the works of creation, composed by the Hebrew Bard:



"Bless God, my soul. O Lord my God,  
Thou art exceeding great;  
With honour and with majesty  
Thou clothed art in state.

With light as with a robe, thyself  
Thou coverest about;  
And, like unto a curtain, thou  
The heavens stretchest out," &c.

Even at this early hour numerous parties were seen emerging from the woods and glens, and by the time that they reached the place of rendezvous, a great multitude had already assembled. The place pitched upon for the exercises of the day was an open space, on the side of a hill, nearly surrounded with wood. All those who were armed were placed on the outposts, to guard against sudden attack, and scouts were posted on all the neighbouring heights, to give the alarm, in case of the approach of danger. Experience proved that these precautions were not taken in vain; for the work was scarcely begun when it was reported that two parties of dragoons were advancing to attack them. As soon as the certainty of this report was known, the people dispersed in different directions, with the exception of about three hundred, who, occupying a position inaccessible to cavalry, determined to wait their approach, that the rest might the more easily escape beyond the reach of danger.

When the soldiers saw that they could neither dislodge these men by their manoeuvres, nor compel them to retreat by menaces, nor provoke them to an engagement by insolence and reproaches, they directed their pursuit after such of the stragglers as were still within reach. Among many others who were overtaken and made prisoners were the clergyman who had intended to officiate, and six men, who accompanied him. After having been grievously maltreated, they were fastened to the horses, and dragged along at the same speed with which the horsemen rode.

The capture of their minister was no sooner known to the men who had stationed themselves on the hill-side, than, dividing themselves into companies, they set out in different directions to seize all the passes through which it was likely the soldiers would pass with their prisoners, in order, if possible, to retake them. M'Millan, with a party of thirty-seven, proceeded to Enterkin, a very steep hill on the way to Edinburgh. Along the side of this hill the road winds for nearly two miles and is in many places so narrow, that not more than two horsemen can ride abreast. In all the passes along the edge of several frightful precipices, down which the smallest effort might precipitate the heaviest body. In a little hollow immediately opposite the most dangerous of these, M'Millan, with his companions, lay concealed till next morning, when a party of cavalry, with the prisoners, were seen ascending the mountain. As soon as they had arrived at a place where resistance could only have caused inevitable destruction, M'Millan ascended a height, and commanded them, as they valued their lives, to halt, and deliver up their prisoners. As the morning was misty, it was some time before the commanding officer could discover whence the voice proceeded; but at last, looking up, and perceiving a man standing almost above him, he ordered his men to halt, and cried out, "What do you want, and who are you?" M'Millan having called up twelve of his companions, and given them the word, "Make ready," again demanded, "Will you deliver our minister?" "No," answered the officer, accompanying his refusal with a dreadful oath. He had scarcely pronounced the words, when he was shot through the head with a musket ball, and falling from his horse, was dashed to pieces against the sides of the precipice. The whole company then levelled their pieces, and the soldiers must have been inevitably destroyed, had not the officer who was next in command desired a truce. The wisdom of this proposal was rendered more conspicuous by the appearance of another body of countrymen at the top of the hill. "What do you want?" inquired the next in command. "Our minister," replied M'Millan, "and the rest of the prisoners." "You shall have them," said the officer, "but it is only on condition that you order your men to ground their arms." "We want no man's life," said M'Millan, and he ordered his companions to fall back. "I expect," said the officer to the clergyman, when he and the other prisoners were set free, "that you will use your influence with these men to prevent further bloodshed." "I will do so," replied the clergyman.

"Then go," said the officer; "you owe your life to this damned mountain." "Rather say to the God who made the mountain," replied the clergyman. When M'Millan and his friends were preparing to retire, the officer again cried out, "I hope you will fulfil your promise, and cause those fellows, who occupy the top of the hill to make way." "These fellows, as you call them," replied M'Millan, "belong not to us. I presume they are peaceable travellers, waiting till you pass." "Had I known so sooner," said the officer, "you should not have got your men so cheap, nor come off so free." "You may judge from the fate of your superior officer," replied M'Millan, "which party has the most cause to be thankful that the affair has ended so peaceably."

The activity and vigilance used by the "Persecutors" rendering it impossible for the "Covenanters" in this district to assemble in such numbers as to make any effectual resistance, and unsafe to remain in situations where they were liable to be apprehended, M'Millan, with many others, retired to Crichton Linn, a cavernous glen about three miles distant from the village of Thornhill. The only entrance to this Linn is through a little valley, formed on each side by gently sloping hills, covered with wood, which, as you advance, gradually contract till there is scarcely room for a foot-path on the edge of a small river. After a number of windings, in which the path becomes more rugged and difficult, the rocks rise, on both sides, to the height of fifty or sixty feet, approaching so near at the top that a man may, without much difficulty, leap from the one side to the other. Into the recess formed by these rocks there is no passage except by the bed of the stream, which is here very deep, and a dangerous path of not above a foot in breadth. There is a sort of cave of freestone, supported by natural pillars; different parts of which are still known by the names of the *Whigs' Long-Settle*, and the *Sutor's Seat*, on account of the refuge which it afforded to the persecuted Presbyterians, and the opportunity which a mechanic of their number embraced of following his employment. Above this cave the Linn is little else than a succession of the most awful precipices, where the foot of man has never trod, and the light of the sun never shone.

In this almost inaccessible retreat, M'Millan with his companions in trouble, remained for a considerable time, sending out parties every night to bring provisions, and gain intelligence of what was going on without. During that period, however, great numbers—some from impatience of confinement, others from necessity, on account of indisposition occasioned by damps, fatigue, and other causes—had left them, preferring health and freedom, with the danger of being taken, to security in so unwholesome an abode; so that, after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, their numbers were reduced to six men. Each of these, by turns, went out about nightfall to forage for the rest, and usually returned about day-break. One morning, however, the sun having already risen, and there being no appearance of the person who had gone out on the preceding evening, M'Millan sent his son to endeavour to gain intelligence concerning him. They were not without suspicions of treachery; but as William was told to proceed with extreme caution, they apprehended little danger. He had not been gone many minutes, however, when the report of a gun confirmed their suspicions, and made them forebode the worst concerning the fate of William M'Millan and their own safety. They seized the arms which they had in possession, and hastened to defend the entrance to the Linn. The first who advanced fell at the feet of his companions, who, seeing the advance of a considerable body of soldiers, plunged into the river, and, with great difficulty, reached a place of safety from the shot of the enemy. But as it was impossible to remain long standing up to the middle in water, they resolved to endeavour to reach a wood at a short distance from the head of the Linn, where they hoped to conceal themselves till an opportunity offered of making their escape. The first who made the attempt was instantly shot from the deliberate cruelty of the soldiers.

During the time that M'Millan was necessitated to make Crichton Linn the principal place of his retreat, he had ventured, more than once, to visit his wife and son. Whether Sir Robert Grierson had been informed of these visits, and considered that, by his connivance, James M'Millan had forfeited all claims to his forbearance, or whether he thought that his duty was but imperfectly performed, so long as a single Presbyterian

remained; in one of his rounds he called at the house, dragged him from his bed, to which he was still confined by sickness, and exposing him to the fire of his soldiers, added his name also to the long list of martyrs. A large stone, which the piety of the present proprietor of the land has induced him to surrender with a few trees and a fence, marks the place where this cruel deed was perpetrated. Mrs. M'Millan died soon after of a broken heart, and together with her son, was interred in the parish church-yard. A hawthorn bush, and a small stone, still point out the grave where they "rest in peace, to rise in glory."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### CANOVA THE SCULPTOR.

There is a very interesting anecdote told of his first love.

"In the story of his earliest love, if a juvenile and vague aspiration may be so termed, there was something of romantic and melancholy interest, which seems long to have shaded with perceptible coloring his future musings. While pursuing his studies in the Farnese palace, on first arriving at Venice, he had one day beheld a female, somewhat older than himself and very beautiful, enter the gallery accompanied by a friend or attendant, who daily departing, soon after returned again before the hour of closing, leaving the former to pursue her studies, which chiefly consisted in drawing from antique heads. Chance first placed the youthful pair near each other; and some secret excellence, hitherto undiscovered, subsequently determined him constantly to select, as models, such objects as brought him nearest the fair artist. Time thus rolled away, and the youth found his bosom penetrated with new—delicious—but undefinable sensations. He knew not why he wished to be near her—or why he delighted to gaze on her mild and lovely countenance—so pale, so delicate, yet so full of feeling; nor could he tell why the fugitive glance was so often directed to her sylph-like form and graceful movements; but he felt that with such a being he should be forever happy; although incapable of defining his idea of that happiness. One day the object of his silent adoration was absent; another and another passed, still she did not appear.—Antonio was inconsolable—but he shrunk from inquiry, for he feared that every one already possessed the secrets of his thoughts. Many days elapsed in this uncertainty, during which he was indefatigable in study; for she had once, while leaning on the shoulder of her companion, praised his work as being *an assai bello*; words never forgotten! though answered only by a silent obeisance, and he hoped again to attract her notice. At length the attendant again appeared—alone, and habited in deep mourning; the heart of the youth failed at the sight, but summoning courage as she passed in departing with a port-folio, he ventured to inquire for her friend. '*La Signora Julia*,' replied she bursting into tears, '*is dead*!' No more was asked, and nothing more said. Who Julia was, Canova never knew; but her name, her image, long remained engraved on his memory. He was then engaged under Ferrari on the statues which still embellish the villa Trepoth, near Carbonara. How irksome must the labour bestowed on these stiff-mannered and uninteresting figures have been to his ardent imagination, glowing with the enthusiasm which his feelings were then calculated to inspire! The incident, in fact, aided in the formation of more elevated conceptions; he longed to realize in the perfection of art the beauty he had unconsciously loved. Even in after life, when labouring to unite the purity of angelic charms with the soft living emanation of mortal loveliness, fancy reverted to early impressions, and clothed in her vivid hues, the young; the beautiful; the unfortunate Julia."

An ingenious mechanic has invented a machine by which ladies can lace their *corsettes* equal to a two horse power. In a letter to the inventor, Miss Wasp states, that she has reduced her waist from *five inches in diameter, to four and a sixteenth!*

## FILIAL AFFECTION REWARDED.

A veteran, worn out in the service of France was reduced without a pension, although he had a wife and three children to share his wretchedness. His son was placed at *L'Ecole Militaire*, where he might have enjoyed every comfort: but the strongest persuasion could not induce him to taste any thing but bread and water. The Duke de Choiseul being informed of the circumstance, ordered the boy before him, and inquired the reason of his abstemiousness. The boy, with a manly fortitude, replied, "Sir, when I had the honour of being admitted to the protection of this royal foundation, my father conducted me hither. We came on foot; on our journey the demands of nature were relieved by bread and water. I was received, my father blessed me and returned to the protection of a helpless wife and family. As long as I can remember, bread of the blackest kind has been their daily subsistence, and even that is earned by every species of labour that honour does not forbid. To this fare, sir, my father is returned; therefore while he, my mother and sisters, are compelled to endure such wretchedness, is it possible that I can enjoy the bounteous plenty of my gracious sovereign?" The Duke felt this tale of nature, gave the boy three louis d'ors for pocket money, and promised to procure the father a pension. The boy begged the louis d'ors might be sent to his father; which, with the patent of his pension, was immediately done. The boy was patronized by the Duke, and became one of the best officers in the service of France.

## PETITION OF THE HORSE.

In the days of John, King of Atri, an ancient city of Abruzzo, there was a bell put up, which any one that had received any injury went and rang, and the king assembled the wise men chosen for the purpose, that justice might be done. It happened that after the bell had been up a long while, that the rope was worn out and a piece of wild vine was made use of to lengthen it. Now there was a Knight of Atri, who had a noble charger which had become unserviceable through age, so that to avoid the expense of feeding him, he turned him loose upon the common. The horse, driven by hunger, raised his mouth to the vine to munch it, and pulling at the bell, it rang. The Judges assembled to consider the petition of the horse, which appeared to demand justice. They decreed that the knight whom he had served in his youth should feed him in his old age—a sentence which the king confirmed under a heavy penalty.

## TRIUMPH OF METELLUS.

When Nertobriga was invested by Q. Cæcilius Metellus, the Roman pro-consul. Rhetogenes, chief lord of the place, came out and surrendered himself to the Romans. The inhabitants, enraged at his desertion, placed his wife and children, whom he had left behind, in the breach which the legionaries were to mount.—The Roman General hearing of this, and finding that he could not attack the city without sacrificing them, abandoned a certain conquest and raised the siege. No sooner was this act of humanity known through Tarraconian Spain, than the inhabitants of the revolted cities strove who

should first submit to him, and thus was a whole country recovered by one humane action.

## REFLECTION OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

John Conderick was one of those hearty Irishmen, who promptly stepped into the American ranks and bravely fought in the revolutionary war. It matters not whether he had deserted, or had been captured from the British army, he was a jolly and faithful volunteer in our ranks. His zeal, however in the outset, unfortunately led him to enlist under several recruiting officers, and to receive the bounty on enlisting several times; in consequence of which he had on joining his regiment to undergo as many trials and sentences of Court Martial. The infliction of repeated punishments for what could not (in such a heart as Conderick's) be considered a real crime, began to excite the sympathy of his officers; and he was asked by them why he enlisted more than once; Och! said he, for this reason, *I was hearty in your cause.* And he proved to be so; there was not a braver or more faithful soldier in the army; no man better knew the duty of a private soldier, and no one could at all times discharge that duty with more cheerfulness, alacrity and precision. It was the fortune of John to have been engaged in all the principal battles, and most of the rencontres which took place, in all of which he was distinguished as a good soldier. There was some shades however in his moral character, and he would drink to excess on all occasions, except when on duty, then never. At the storming of Stony Point, he pushed forward in the forlorn hope, and when the garrison had surrendered, Johnny swaged his rations without ceremony, and unperceived by his companions, laid himself down among the wounded and dying prisoners. Missed by his company, and his voice at intervals, being distinguished among the groans of the wounded, calling for a surgeon's mate and a drop of water, it was exclaimed, "alas, poor Conderick! he has fallen at last. Well he was a brave fellow and hearty in the cause. God bless him." On examination of the wounded at day light, it was found that he was unhurt, and had only been taking refreshment (as he said) for the first time, in bad company.

No private was better known throughout the army than Johnny Conderick; he was good hearted in his nature; and if not witty, had something to say that was clearly. He could not claim a drop of kindred blood in this country, nor had he any interest to defend; but like thousands of his countrymen (it should be recollected,) he was ready to lay down his life in support of our Independence.

At the close of one of the last campaigns, Johnny made application to his colonel for a furlough to go and keep Thanksgiving and eat pumpkin pies with his friends, and the pretty lasses in Connecticut, which was granted him, but not realizing all he expected in the excursion, and growing full, he returned to the camp before his furlough had expired.

It was this same John Conderick, who brought in his haversack, to the camp, three famous turkeys, followed by a deaconish countryman, who dogged him to the camp and the very barrack, making complaint to his captain. Johnny being immediately brought before his officer to meet his accuser, stated in his defence, that while marching quietly and civilly to his regiment, the big turkey had the impudence to call him a *tory*, and tantalized him to "quit," before that he said a word, or raised a hand against him. For which enormity, he thought proper to take him to the camp. "Very good, and very proper," said the captain, "but how came you also to bring the other two." "For witnesses of the fact, may it please your honor," replied the soldier. The captain smiled, and the countryman declared the defence to be satisfactory.

## CHARLES V. OF FRANCE.

The last words of this patriotic monarch are memorable for the noble moral to Kings which they contain. "I have aimed at justice," said he, to those around him, "but what king can be certain that he has always followed it?—Perhaps I have done much evil of which I am ignorant. Frenchmen! who now hear me, I address myself to the Supreme being and to you. *I find that Kings are happy but in this—they have the power of doing good.*"

## THE LITERARY CASKET.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1826.

*The Last Man*, by Mrs. Shelley.—The highly-gifted authoress of this work, (who is the daughter of the celebrated Godwin) belongs to an eccentric class of writers, which of late years, has been somewhat numerous. She seems to have inherited much of the powerful but wayward tone of thought which pervades the writings of her father, as also to have imbibed no small portion of the wild poetic spirit of her late husband.—*The Last Man* is a narrative of events supposed to take place two or three hundred years hence, and terminates with the extinction of the human race by pestilence, with the exception of "the Last Man," who writes this story of his life, and the scenes of desolation and horror with which the latter part has been occupied.—This book contains much vivid description, and forcible delineation of character; and notwithstanding its singular and rather, perhaps, displeasing character will be perused with interest by almost every reader. It is said that Mrs. Shelley designed the two principal characters of the work as likenesses of Lord Byron and her late husband. If this was indeed her intention, we do not think she has rigidly followed the traits of the originals, but, in some instances, perhaps for the sake of effect, confounded the two, and given traits which properly belonged to the other.

*The Female Sex*—Whatever we say of their rank in the scale of mere intellect, surely there can be no doubt of their pre-eminence above man in their moral feelings and affections, and in the vigor, courage and fortitude arising out of these, which is the true test, and genuine essence of merit. The thousand instances of their heroic conduct during the French Revolution, have settled this fact forever. No personal danger could for one instant deter them from seeking, in the foulest dungeons, the father or the child, the husband or the lover. Months after months have they been known to secrete from revolutionary vengeance, some object of their affection, when the discovery of the concealment would have been inevitable death. Were a friend arrested, their ingenuity never relaxed a moment in contrivances for his escape; were he hungry they fed him; were he sick they visited him; and, when all efforts were unavailing for his deliverance, often did they infuse into his sinking soul their own courage to meet death with fortitude and even with cheerfulness.

Mr. Southey is about publishing the second volume of the "History of the Peninsular War;" also a work entitled "Sir Thomas Moore; a series of Colloquies on the Prospects and Progress of Society."

*The Chemist*—This is the title of a weekly scientific Journal lately commenced at Amherst, by Prof. JOHN R. COATING. Its design is to afford all classes, a cheap and correct view of the present state of Chemistry, and its application to arts and manufactures in all parts of the world. It will also contain a National Meteorological Journal, which has by so many been considered a grand desideratum, compiled from the Journals of Surgeons of the United States Army at the different military posts, and also from minutes of scientific gentlemen in different parts of the Union.—From our knowledge of the qualifications and experi-



ence of the conductor, we believe it will be a work of much merit, and hope it will meet with proportionate patronage.—*Boston Traveller.*

MILTON.—The authenticity of the late Publication of Milton, on the *Christian Doctrines* is disputed by the Bishop of Salisbury. Its principles are said to be inconsistent with the faith which he promulgates in his *Paradise Lost and Regained.*

Reminiscence.—In 1799, when the tidings of the news of the death of the *Great Washington*, First President of the United States, was received in Boston, the "Sons of the Pilgrims" were celebrating in Concert Hall the anniversary of the first Landing of the Fathers. The company, all standing, were singing a Hymn, written for the occasion which closed with this stanza :

"Hail, *Pilgrim Fathers* of our race,  
With grateful hearts your toils we trace,  
Oft as this native day returns  
We'll pay due honours to your urns ;

When the tolling of the bells announced the melancholy tidings to the citizens. The effect was electrical. The singing ceased.—The company continued standing in expressive silence—Judge Davis traced with his pencil the following additional stanza to the Hymn :—

"Ah ! while we gather round your urn,  
Joins your blest hand great *Washington*.  
Hark to that *knell* ! A Nation's sighs  
Wait his pure spirit to the skies."

This stanza was sung, and the company retired in sadness, each one to his home.—*Boston Centinel.*

#### SELECTIONS.

It is true greatness that constitutes glory, and virtue is the cause of both. But vice and ignorance taint the blood ; and an unworthy behaviour degrades and dis-ennobles a man, more than birth and fortune aggrandize and exalt him.

The slowest advances to greatness are the most secure : but swift rises are often attended with precipitate falls ; and what is soonest got, is generally shortest in the possession. True !

Men must have public minds as well as salaries, or they will serve private ends at public cost. It was Roman virtue that raised the Roman glory.

No government can flourish where the morals and manners of the people are corrupted ; for, as Tully observes, "Take away but the awe of religion, all that fidelity and justice, so necessary for the keeping up of human society, must perish with it."

It is a maxim of Cato's, that a man ought to respect himself : that is, respect his reason ; that recommends an honest boldness, and forbids a servile fear, which is a kind of license and permission for others to have no regard and consideration for us.

Every scene of life has two sides ; a dark and a bright one, and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity, is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either.

Superiority in virtue is the most unpardonable provocation that can be given to a base mind. Innocence is too amiable to be beheld with hatred ; and it is a secret acknowledgment of merit which the wicked are betrayed into, when they pursue good men with violence. This behaviour visibly proceeds from a consciousness in them, that other people's virtue upbraids their own want of it.

### VARIETY.

Unfortunate Case.—A zealous Priest in the north of Ireland, missed a constant auditor from his congregation, in which scism had already made depredations. "What keeps our friend farmer B——, away from us?" was the anxious question proposed by our vigilant Minister to his assistant. "I have not seen him among us," continued he, "these three weeks : I hope it is not Protestantism that keeps him away."—"No" was the reply, "It is worse than that."—"Worse than Protestantism ? God forbid it should be Deism." "No, worse than that. "Worse than Deism ! good heavens, I trust it is not Atheism !" "No, worse than Atheism !" "Impossible, nothing can be worse than Atheism !" "Yes it is, your honor—It is *Rheumatism.*"

Love laughs at Fathers.—There was a rare scene enacted at the Crown Inn, Penrith, on Tuesday week, between a young couple at Bath, bent on paying their devotions at the hymenial shrine which little cupid, in the form of a Scotch whiskey bibber, has erected at Gretna. The youngsters, it appears, had written from Bath, ordering post horses to be in readiness at a certain hour ; and the postillions, knowing lads on these occasions, sat up all night to be in readiness to act as love's messengers when called upon. Three hours, however, before the time appointed, the father of the lady made his appearance, rather as the chased than as the chase, and on being shown the letter, deemed it prudent to rest upon his oars for a while. In due time, up drove the carriage, and the father, with all the politeness of a courtier, proceeded to open the door, and, to the no little confusion of the inmates, to hand out his fair daughter. The parties proceeded up stairs ; but the post boys were not to be done in this way, so they immediately, in accordance with their original instructions, put the horses to the carriage, and were ready at a moment's warning for a start.—Our young spark perceiving from the window what had been done, immediately gave his mistress a glance, which she was not slow to interpret, at the same time flooring the old boy.—Down stairs they flew, jumped into the carriage, without stopping to inquire if he had fallen on the soft side of the boards, and drove off with as much speed as four spanking nags could command. The poor father, full of wrath and indignation at such unnatural treatment, posted to a magistrate, obtained a warrant and constable, and then set off in pursuit of the fugitives. But alas ! his warrant and constable had cost him three hours delay ; and they had made good their escape, and had themselves comfortably noosed before they could be overtaken.

A Fact.—Some gentlemen of a Bible Association who lately called upon an old woman to see if she had a Bible, were severely reproved by a spirited reply, "Do you think that I am a heathen that you should ask me such a question?" Then addressing a little girl, she said, "run and fetch the Bible out of my drawer, that I may show it to the gentlemen." The gentlemen declined giving her the trouble ; but she insisted

upon giving them ocular demonstration that she was no heathen. Accordingly the Bible was brought, nicely covered, and on opening it, the old woman exclaimed, "well, how glad I am that you are come ; here are my spectacles, that I have been looking for these three years, and did'n't know where to find 'em."—*Magazine.*

#### THE BOY AND THE COACH.

Frank was one day walking in the country and reached an inn. He was very tired and hungry, but was obliged to put up with a cup of beer and a bit of black bread, and keep on foot, for he had not money enough to pay for any thing better.

In a short time a fine carriage rolled by, in which sat a rich man eating a slice of roasted meat, and sipping a glass of wine.

Frank looked wishfully towards him, and thought, if I could fare so well, I should feel happy.

The gentleman saw him, and said to him, "are you willing to change with me?"

"That I will," said Frank without stopping to think, "if my lord will get out of the carriage and give me all that he has, I will give him all that I have."

The gentleman quickly ordered his servants to lift him out of the carriage. O what a sight ! his feet were lame, he could not stand, but was forced to be held up by his servants till his crutches were taken from the coach on which he could lean. "Ah," said he, "are you willing to change with me now?"

"No, indeed," answered Frank, "my two feet are better to me than a thousand horses' feet, I had rather eat black bread and be my own master, than have wine and roast beef, and be led about by others like a child. God protect you." With these words he got up and walked away. "You are right," said the gentleman, "if you could give me your strong limbs, you might have my carriage, my horses, my money, every thing for them—a healthy poor man is much happier than a rich cripple."

Sheridan and Lord Thurlow. Sheridan was dining with the black browed Chancellor, when he produced some admirable Constantia, which had been sent him from the Cape of Good Hope. The wine tickled the palate of Sheridan, who saw the bottle emptied with uncommon regret, and set his wits to get another.—The old Chancellor was not to be so easily induced to produce his curious cape in such profusion, and foiled all Sheridan's attempts to get another glass. Sheridan being piqued, and seeing the inutility of persecuting the immutable pillar of the law, turned towards a gentleman sitting father down, and said, "Sir pass me up that decanter, for I must return to Madeira since I cannot double the Cape."

A Scottish nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which at the time, there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, "Mr——, your office is hot as an oven." "So it should be, my Lord," replied the lawyer "as it is here I make my bread."

## THE WREATH.

The following is one of the Poems, presented for the Premium offered by the Publishers of the CASKET.

## FRAGMENTS OF AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

When War and Glory reign'd sublime  
O'er all—when Grece was young,  
The father of heroic rhyme,  
Immortal Homer sung:  
Charm'd "high Olympus" Court and list'ning choir,  
With the bold numbers of his "Sanguine" wire.

Apollo tuned his mighty lyre,  
Wild Fancy op'd her treasures,  
And lent the Poet all her fire,  
To wake the glowing measures.  
Troy's frowning turrets hold a siege in scorn—  
Their dead Patroclus, Grecian warriors mourn.

At his command the winds arise,  
To heaven the sea is hurl'd,  
Red Lightnings blaze through pitchy skies,  
And Thunders rock the world.  
Old Ocean's god, throned on his car divine,  
Rides o'er the mountain waves of foaming brine.

With Gods his heroes draw the glave,  
On Ilium's fields of strife,  
To win a Soldier's bloody grave,  
Or victory and life.  
O'er slaughter'd thousands, drives the God of War,  
His dragon-horses and his iron car.

There is a spot of hallow'd ground  
Where Muses watch and weep;  
By Helle's Stream the grassy mound  
Where Homer's ashes sleep.  
The Poet's harp—his own Achilles' shield,  
No hand can ever wake—can ever wield.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Learning rais'd her altars bright  
In fair Italia's bowers,  
There shed her floods of dazzling light,  
And scattered living flowers;  
Genius inspired her votaries to prolong  
The fame of noble deeds in deathless song.

Then Virgil's sweet enchanting muse  
Awoke the pearly Shell;  
And soft as fall the vernal dews,  
Harmonious numbers fell.  
He sweetly sang the joys of rural life—  
In loftier strains, wild scenes of martial strife.

The besom of the "scourge of God,"  
Swept o'er the lovely scene—  
Where the barbarian's horses trod,  
The grass ne'er sprouted green!  
Stern Havoc revel'd 'mid the carnage drear,  
And Devastation stalk'd along his rear.

Now, mould'ring shrine and ruined grot,  
A tale of sadness tell,  
And mark each desolated spot,  
Where Learning's altars fell.  
Imperial Palaces and marble Halls,  
Genius deserted for Monastic Walls.

\* \* \* \* \*

The laurel'd Bard of Avon rose  
And peal'd his native strains,

The echoes rang from Scotia's snows,  
To Mississippi's plains.  
Earth, sea and air, obey'd his magic wand,  
And Hell, obedient, op'd at his command.

Foul Fiends provoke the tempest's ire,  
To shake the groaning land,  
While Duncan, Scotland's huary sire,  
Bleeds by a traitor's hand.  
Will "Neptune's Ocean wash these hands" of mine?  
Rather would they, his floods incurnardine!

The veil that covers future things,  
The weird sisters raise;  
And shadowy forms of unborn kings,  
Meet the usurper's gaze:  
And murder'd Banquo rises from the dead,  
"With twenty trenched gashes on his head."  
See Richard close his blood-shot eyes—  
The field of Bosworth nigh—  
The Ghosts of murder'd York arise,  
And bid the tyrant die!  
"Richmond come forth and face me," Richard calls—  
"Perdition seize thine arm," he thunders as he falls.

The "Swan of Avon" sings no more,  
Yet time shall still prolong,  
And Echo waft from shore to shore,  
The music of his song.  
While glory dazzles, SHAKESPEARE'S glittering name,  
Shall deck the summit of the dome of Fame.

J. H. T.

FROM THE ORIENTAL HARP.  
On seeing an interesting and beautiful young lady con-  
firmed at Church.

The matin bells have pealed the hour  
To summon holy hearts to prayer;  
And beauty own's religion's power,  
And pays her adoration there.

The Temple of the Lord is still;  
A halo round his priest is shed;  
A glory beams from Zion's hill,  
To crown with light his hallowed head.

Hushed now the organ's deep-ton'd note,  
The vocal sounds of music cease,  
And only inward breathings float  
Toward the azure throne of peace.

Before the altar humbly kneels  
The fairest of the work of heaven;  
And mercy to her heart reveals  
The promise of salvation given.

Confirmed at truth's eternal shrine,  
A member of the house of God,  
Her robe is spotless and divine,  
Her feet are with salvation shod.

Oh, if in heaven above the rest,  
One joy a brighter ray afford,  
'Tis when on woman's virtuous breast,  
The cross she beareth of her Lord.

And blest art thou whose soul from earth,  
And earthly thought itself hath freed;  
Received in Christ thy second birth,  
And won of faith the glorious need.

BOSTON BARD.

## BRIDAL SONG.

[BY MRS. HEMANS.]

Away with the bride, with our daughter away,  
From the house of her infant protection,  
Where she grew like a flower by the sunshine of May,  
In the eye of her parent's affection;  
Where the lip of her love came like music at night  
To the pillowing bosom that fed her;  
And the smile of her joy, rose like summer tide light  
On the heart of the father that led her.

Away with the bride, with our daughter away,  
With thy prospects of pleasure before thee;  
And oh! may she shine like an even-tide ray,  
Thro' the shadow of grief that come o'er thee;  
And oh! may the journey of thee and thy wife  
Be like that of thy father and mother,  
Who now, at the close of their wearisome life,  
Have the beautiful hopes of another.

## SUMMER EVENING.

Calm Sunset was cloth'd in a beautiful cloud  
Of crimson embroider'd with gold,  
And though you might call it the day's funeral shroud,  
'Twas splendidly rich to behold.

But soon those bright garments assum'd a dark hue,  
As Daylight took leave of the skies,  
And Evening was weeping in tear-drops of dew,  
That fell from her star-beaming eyes.

Thus Nature a lesson to mortals conveys,  
And teaches us duly to mourn  
The joys that are past, and the loss of those days  
That are gone, and shall never return.

The clouds vanish'd all, and the full-rising moon  
Again cheer'd the world with her light,  
Surpassing in mildness the splendour of noon—  
In truth 'twas a morning of night.

Thus sorrow and gladness, like darkness and day,  
Alternately rise and depart—  
Alternately brighten these visions of clay,  
Or deepen the gloom of the heart.

The stars they all hail'd their legitimate queen,  
The heav'n's and the earth wore a smile;  
But ah! the most joyous, magnificent scene  
Of Nature, shall last but a while.

The dark cloud of Death shall envelope us all—  
No light on the universe shine—  
The sun, moon and stars crush the earth as they fall,  
And perish—but Virtue divine.

That seraph immortal, triumphant shall soar  
Above the last flashes of Time,  
Re-land on Eternity's joy-sounding shore,  
And live in her own native clime.

Where brightness, transcending the blaze of the sun,  
Encircles th' Almighty I Am,  
And visible renders the great Three in One—  
The Glory of God and the Lamb.

## A LAWYER'S DECLARATION.

Fee simple, and simple fee,  
And all the fees in tail,  
Are nothing when compared to thee,  
Thou best of fees—female.

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